

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

# reZ

September 2024

Blue  
Nebula  
Juliesse  
Northmead  
Super Gecko  
TSNRO  
Wells  
Boccaccio  
Parker



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**About the Cover:** As the fog lifts in the mountain hollars, the woods take on a blue hue until the sun eventually washes out the fresh delicate color. We are lucky to have Klannex Northmead dazzle us with two fine poems from the Blue Mist.







# Blue Mist II



# Klannex Northmead



photo by Astro Yellow Box

she would be horrified to know  
a voyeur was watching her  
he was not to know how vulnerable she was  
alone in her room  
struggling to change  
her body and limbs permanently distorting  
her commands so that even  
taking her arm out of her sleeve is a task.

she would be horrified to know  
like all women with all eminent pride  
that out here I watched  
for a whole hour, even made  
some sketches before I saw her plight  
she in the blue mists is not old  
she is still young getting worse every day  
there is no cure for what she has

she would be horrified to know  
the poet watching cannot tell if  
she is struggling to survive  
or surviving because life's a struggle  
in need of love or loving being in need  
in love with needing to be loved  
or even just being plain loved  
everyone needs love

she would be horrified to know  
this poem's no longer exclusively hers  
it's about a girl I will never know  
she is caught mid frame  
in a contronym world  
where waking meets sleeping  
where she is adulating in the tears of pain  
while frozen in the throes of joy



# Absurd Reality of

B-





# How Does it Feel to be Real?

## y TSNRO

<https://youtu.be/5ppZ5QgFdJI>



**T**oday I was sitting in a train and was asked by a younger lady watching me typing all the time, “What I am writing about?” I was writing *From Yesterday*, a story that points to Kamala Harris.

Kamala Harris spoke about her mother.

“She would say to us, ‘I don’t know what’s wrong with you young people. You think you just fell out of a coconut tree?’” Harris recalled in 2023 at a White House ceremony, dressed in a beige suit. “You exist in the context of all in which you live and what came before you.”

Shall I talk to a stranger in a train about The Coconut Theorem? Shall I say that I write about Digital Art and Art is Brat, because recently Harris went viral by being called “Is Brat”? And most importantly, in this context to be Brat is something good, something so absurdly good, leaving Donald Trump standing in the rain. Shall I say my real name or leave the train and the lady as TSNRO - The Still Not Rezzed One?

I struggled. What is it really that I am writing now for over 10 years? Is it About Life, The Universe and Everything? You know when you don’t know, then you tell something that shows you know, even if you don’t. So, I said I have developed a

way to read what I wrote over the last 10 years for *rez Magazine*, which is published in the USA. Should I say that I have developed over the years various ways to enhance the reader’s experience, like *CAPTURE THIS* for reading *rez Magazine* in *issuu.com* so you can watch and listen to the sounds of embedded videos during your read? *CAPTURE THIS*, which I described in *rez Magazine* February 2020, is no longer my concept because *issuu.com* is asking for money to keep the already published magazines online. What the heck, you may say, but it’s a fact. You publish over years for free and then all of a sudden you have to pay so your content can still be seen? Yes, that’s the way it is.

I said to the lady that for the first time, a reader can flip through my (now in total about 160 contributions) without any ADs taking screen-space or nasty pop-up menus coming up. I said, the reader is linked via Hyperlink or via a QR-Code directly to the right page in full screen mode. Then I spoke about Kamala Harris and *From Yesterday*.

You can experience how this works right now by going to

<https://tsnro.wordpress.com/listing/>

or use, if provided, the QR-Codes. You will see that all issues of *rez Magazine* since the beginning in 2011 are in the





<https://youtu.be/lhDUK5J5QN4>



Internet Archive. The default opener I set on “theatre mode,” which stands in the archive for full screen. If you press the ESCape key, you get back in the regular mode and there you find the description for each issue that Jami Mills once posted.

Every author could use this concept to create a listing, to create a community. Maybe I will create in time a listing for Cat Boccaccio:

“... She passed the hall mirror on her way out the door and looked into her own eyes. So, how she felt was obvious. They were as flat and matte as a painted doll’s eyes.

Cassie. She would wait to see Cassie before she made any decisions. Cassie

could make her laugh. When she truly laughed, her eyes twinkled and shone. Many people had told her that, once.”

These are the last lines of Cat’s story, *Crazy Dark Place*, published in *rez Magazine*, January 2024.

Cat Boccaccio logged in last time on July 21, 2013. She will no longer write. She is gone from reality, but her stories are still real.

Direct link to *Crazy Dark Place* by Cat Boccaccio:

<https://archive.org/details/rezmagazine-140/page/n25/mode/2up?view=theater>



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# A Middle-Aged Woman Contemplates Her Recycling



ng Bin

Jullianna Juliesse



The detritus of her life accumulates to a crescendo.

*glossy postcards promoting liposuction and Botox*  
*empty pizza boxes*  
*unpaid medical bills shredded*  
*discount coupons from department stores*  
*unopened solicitations from the Salvation Army*

The pinot grigio bottles hiss their broken promises,  
while torn box wines scream desperation.

Wholesome orange juice containers  
frown in disapproval.

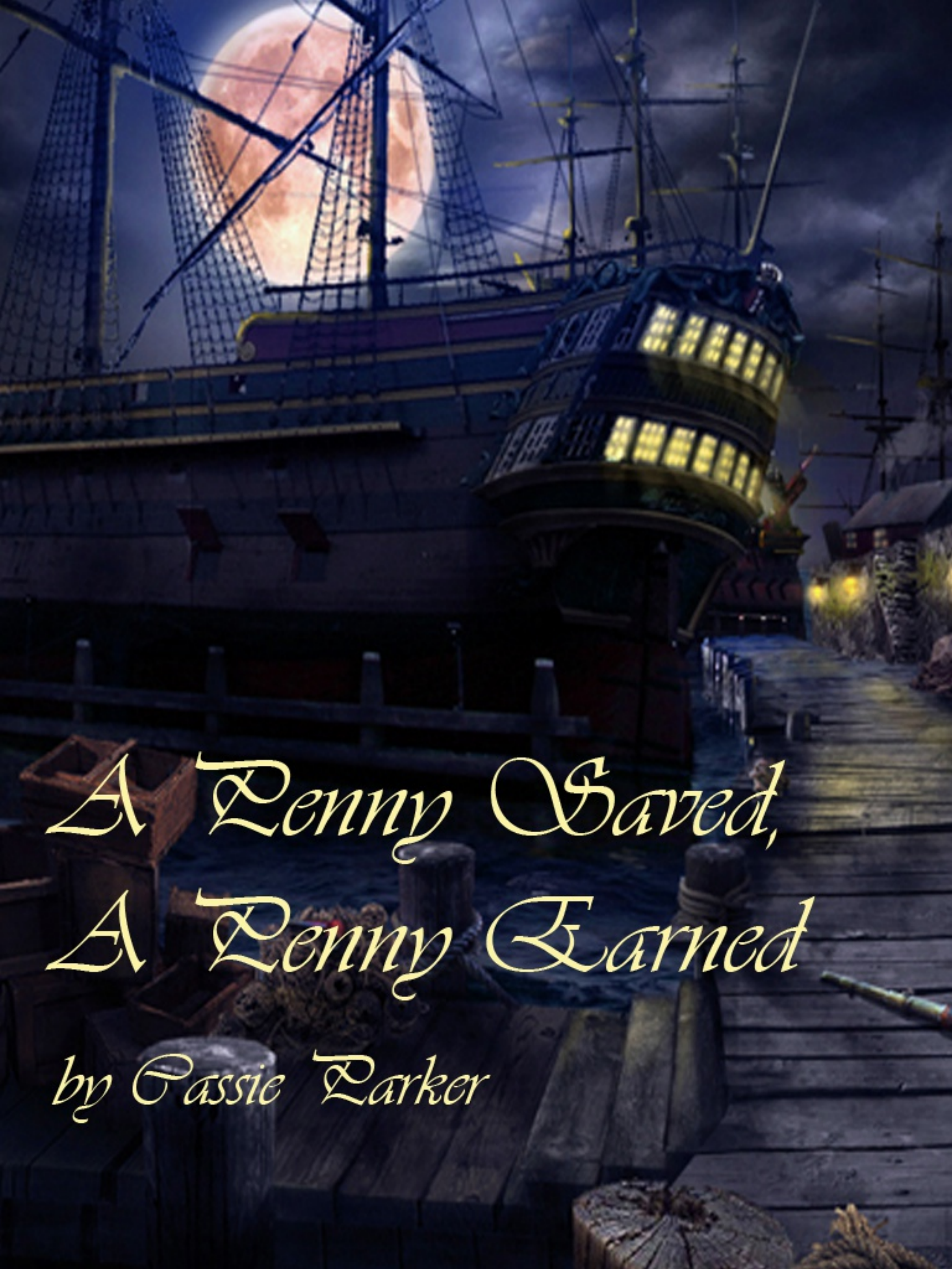
The Advil, Excedrin, organic kombucha  
and multivitamins remind her she is no longer 29.

Come Sunday evening  
she chucks it all into the yellow bin,  
wheeling the week's wreck  
to the curb.

Bent over the bathtub,  
she scrubs sticky scum from the bin,  
waiting for ambiguous rebirth.







*A Penny Saved,  
A Penny Earned*

*by Cassie Parker*







Spring is always a busy time in the arts, but it seems that this particular spring will be an extraordinarily busy and interesting time at TerpsiCorps ARTWerks! In December, we applied for, and received, a Land Grant from the Linden Endowment for the Arts (LEA), so beginning January 2017, we will examine Victorian life, art and literature through an exploration of "Penny Dreadfuls," the cheap popular serial literature produced during the nineteenth century in the United Kingdom. I've been the recipient of many grants in RL, but this is a first for me in the virtual world. While the grant application process was quite similar, there are a few striking differences between this Linden Endowment for the Arts grant and a grant from an entity like the National Endowment for the Arts in the United States – an agency that I have successfully navigated on several occasions.

Curious about the Linden Endowment for the Arts? So was I. Even though I've known scores of artists who have participated in the Linden Endowment's Artist in Residence Land Grant program, I really knew little about the organization. I've avoided the Endowment mostly, up until now, choosing instead to self-fund my participation in the arts on the grid. Like most of us in the arts, that means

participating in something that we love at great financial loss. Over time, I've grown to understand that the LEA and I have much in common in regards to nurturing the arts and artists, and I'm tremendously grateful for Linden Lab's investment in the arts. I've dealt with dozens of grants and endowments in the course of my career in the arts, including, as previously mentioned, the National Endowment for the Arts, and the notion that Linden Lab would recognize the importance of the arts in our second life is truly extraordinary.

According to Linden Lab's materials, *"The Linden Endowment for the Arts (LEA) was established to help create a center of arts activity in Second Life. It is a collaborative venture between Linden Lab and the arts community. Guided by a dedicated board of renowned Second Life artists, the LEA is committed to providing access to engaging experiences in the arts for the Second Life community. Through its exhibitions, programs, and events, the LEA fosters an awareness of artists' contributions to our virtual world and encourages others to get involved and be inspired."*

The LEA is run and organized by ordinary citizens of Second Life, who serve as stewards of endowment resources generously donated by Linden Lab. Their mission is five-fold:

- To provide a starting point for artists in Second Life, and for those interested in art to make connections and display their work.

- To encourage and cultivate art and artists within Second Life.

- To foster community, creativity, and innovation among artists and all residents interested in art.

- To provide a way for artists to promote their art.

- To collaborate with existing art regions, galleries, exhibits, and performance spaces to help nurture their valuable participation in SL arts.

corresponding grant is flexible). Anyone may apply to use the theatre for arts programs such as music, drama, dance, group meetings, classes, film screenings, etc.

Through their Core Sim Grants, the Endowment offers seven of its nine core sims – regions LEA1 through LEA9 (excluding LEA3 Welcome Area and LEA5 Sandbox) – for shorter-term art exhibits or projects that utilize the many possibilities available in the virtual world. LEA has been very specific to note that these projects and

While the grant application process was quite similar, there are a few striking differences between this Linden Endowment for the Arts grant and a grant from an entity like the National Endowment for the Arts in the United States.

The LEA accomplishes this mission through three basic programs – Theatre Grants, Core Sim Grants and Artist in Residence Land Grants.

Theatre Grants, are just that – a mechanism where LEA grants an artist or arts organization time in their public theatre on one of the LEA core sims. These theatre grants are available on a first come-first served basis dependent on schedule availability, and are booked as one to two hour events (though the duration of the event and

exhibits are not limited to visual art, but are meant to encompass projects from across the spectrum of the arts, including performance, music, and film. Grants are made for a period of three months, but extensions are possible depending on specific need and availability.

Artists selected for Core Sim Grants receive a parcel or full sim for a period of three months. While the timing of the opening of each exhibit is left to the artist, the sim must remain open to





the public at all times. As with all grants, the Endowment covers the event or exhibit on the official Linden Endowment for the Arts blog (<http://lindenarts.blogspot.com/>).

Finally, the LEA Artist in Residence Land Grant program distributes 20 regions (LEA10-LEA29) donated by Linden Lab to promote art and artistic endeavors in Second Life for a period of six months. These full sims of virtual land are made available to in-world artists through a competitive

application process.

Land grant recipients are expected to complete a project and open it to the public within the 6-month grant period. This has often been in the form of a full-sim art exhibition and/or immersive installation, but curatorial projects, especially those which have a connection to physical exhibitions and events ('mixed reality') by individuals and arts groups, are also welcomed and encouraged.

Additionally, artists are required to take no more than three months to execute their build, so that all sims have open work during the last three months of their grant.

Grants, as previously mentioned, are not new to me, but what excites me about this particular grant is the extreme flexibility encouraged and afforded by Linden Lab and the Linden Endowment for the Arts. Let me be more specific. In the "physical world," art grants (like academic standards) have become scientific and measurable. Almost without exception, a typical grant request requires an almost prohibitive amount of reporting and record keeping. Grantees are asked to identify a series of measurable goals, objectives



and desired outcomes. While goals, objectives and outcomes seem a good way to measure the success of a grant to a governmental or institutional grantor, they do little to encourage or nurture true discovery. What I appreciate most about the Linden Endowment for the Arts Artist in Residence Land Grant program is that it allows artists an opportunity to explore a concept in a laboratory type setting without a predetermined notion of where the project might eventually lead. This type of discovery process is nearly unheard of in publicly funded art in North America.

And so off we go! It's no great secret by now that I'm interested in the exploration of augmented reality. I firmly believe the future of the arts is reliant on a blending of art in the "physical world" tied to some sort of virtual reality. When TerpsiCorps ARTWerks Artistic Director Chrissy Rhiano first brought Penny Dreadfuls to my attention, I began to imagine a project that might become a vehicle for exploration between the two "worlds" and similar patterns between the Victorian Era and today began to emerge in my mind.

You see, Victorian Era Britain experienced social changes that resulted in increased literacy rates. With the rise of capitalism and industrialization, people began to

spend more money on entertainment, contributing to the popularization of the novel. Improvements in printing resulted in newspapers such as Joseph Addison's *The Spectator* and Richard Steele's *The Tatler*, and England's more fully recognizing the singular concept of reading as a form of leisure; it was, of itself, a new industry.

Similarly, the new "information age" has revolutionized previous forms of leisure and created entirely new industries. One only has to look at a list of Fortune 500 companies to quickly see how the internet and global connectivity has changed our society.

The scope then of our project will be multidisciplinary, encompassing architecture, geography, literature, fashion design, visual art, sculpture and performance art. Facing declining attendance for theatrical productions worldwide, the future health and vitality of real life art forms lies in a deeper understanding of virtual and augmented realities. This project will serve as an early laboratory in which artists can better understand and explore artistic connections between art forms in the physical and virtual worlds.

It will, in part, be an exploration of paradigm shifts in the arts. It is not our intent to create a 'bigger,' 'longer,' 'more lavish' version of performance art that

already exists in Second Life. In fact, given our experiences with declining audiences in the "real world" theatre around the globe, TerpsiCorps ARTWerks intends to explore a more streamlined compact form of performance art. Given the rise of the internet, laptop and tablet, many people that have or would have attended live performances previously now opt to experience their entertainment at home. In fact, as recently as ten years ago we were a society that largely ate their meals at home and left that home for entertainment. Over the last decade, due in large part to entertainment on demand, the arts have seen a complete reversal of that trend. Today, people stay home for their entertainment, leaving their homes only for work or culinary pleasure.

To be sure, the arts as a whole, are struggling through what is arguably the biggest paradigm shift in culture and entertainment since the dawn of the industrial age - the time of the rise of the Penny Dreadful. I include the following program notes from a recent study of *Sweeney Todd* by the University of North Carolina:

### **An Analysis of the History and Popularity of Penny Dreadfuls**

**Britain in the early 19th century saw the rise of a class of literature, colloquially called the Penny**

**Dreadful. These novels were printed on low-quality paper and sold for, as their name implies, a single penny. But, it is the content of these prints, which typically consisted of excessive, almost unnecessary amounts of gore and violence, which**



image by Lucius Ferguson

**sets them apart from other written works of their day. Surprisingly, Penny Dreadfuls soon became widely popular among the masses. In a very reserved time period, when many taboo topics such as murder and death were not discussed in the**



public sphere, one would not expect this type of literature to be received well by the general public. Their popularity is even more surprising considering they were crudely written and usually published incomplete, with updates in the form



of new publications coming every week. Clearly, it was not the content of Penny Dreadfuls that led to their success. Rather, their immediate popularity is more a result of the time period in which they were written and their receiving audience

than on their characteristics as a class of literature.

One reason Penny Dreadfuls were received so well was due to the social improvements that were occurring simultaneously to their publication. Overall health, population, infrastructure, and education were on the rise in the larger cities. Most notable of these rises is education; the implementation of education programs resulted in “an increased literacy rate amongst the general population that encouraged the production of publications aimed at people with little money to spend” (Dennisoff 27). This also resulted in a generation of young, working males who wanted to read for pleasure. This generation was not interested in longer, formally written novels; they sought out short, gripping, cheap works. Penny Dreadfuls fit this niche perfectly. Had there not been a generation of young, literate, Penny Dreadfuls would not have had the initial popularity that set the groundwork for their ultimate fame. In conclusion, the advances occurring in society at the time set the stage for Penny Dreadfuls to reach the level of success that they did.

Another reason Penny Dreadfuls were as successful as they were was due to the increasing crime rates in

Victorian England at the time. These crimes, such as the Ratcliffe Highway murders which left seven dead, were widely published due to their graphic nature. Along with public executions, considered “a popular source of entertainment,” this led to a society that was accustomed to death and violence. Society was subsequently starting to develop a morbid curiosity towards the macabre as a result of the violence that seemed an integral part of society (Picard 17). This created the ideal time period for Penny Dreadfuls to be published. Dreadfuls were well-received in this time period since they were realistic; in other words, they depicted events similar to real life, which readers could relate to. The presence of violent murders in real life contributed to the realism of Penny Dreadfuls, and made them seem as though they were based in truth, making them all the more gripping. To summarize, the popularity of Penny Dreadfuls can partially be attributed to the rising crime rates in early 19th century England, which created a society that found murder and violence morbidly fascinating.

One final event that Penny Dreadfuls owe their popularity to is the development of infrastructure that enabled the cheap, mass

printing of these works. In particular, the early 19th century saw much technological advancement, such as printing presses that used engravings over woodcuts, and new methods of producing thinner, lower-quality sheets of paper as opposed to the single broadsheets that were previously used. The combination of these allowed popular works to be mass-produced quickly and cheaply, which then allowed for low-quality works such as Penny Dreadfuls to be written and distributed to the masses. Without these developments that allowed for cheap, large quantity printing, Penny Dreadfuls would most likely have been deemed too low-quality to be worth printing on already difficult to acquire paper.

Penny Dreadfuls, while morbidly fascinating, should not have achieved the popularity that they did, given their subject matter and the atmosphere of early 19th century London. Their popularity is not due to their content or characteristics as a class of literature, but rather the conditions of London at the time, which was primed for this type of work to be well-received. During this time period, London saw the implementation of educational programs and a baby boom that led to a large, literate, young, working-class population with money to



spend who wanted to read for fun. Such a group sought “a cheaper alternative to mainstream fiction,” which ultimately was the Penny Dreadful (Fleming 1). In addition, this time period saw a rise in crime, and subsequently in public execution, which left the population adjusted to violent acts, which allowed the events of Penny Dreadfuls not to immediately be viewed with disdain. Finally, 19th century England saw the rise of new printing presses and cheaper methods of manufacturing paper, which allowed cheap works to be printed reliably, and encouraged printers to print a wider variety of material, even lower-quality works. It was the combination of all of these factors, rather than the key elements of Penny Dreadfuls themselves, that allowed them to reach their popularity.

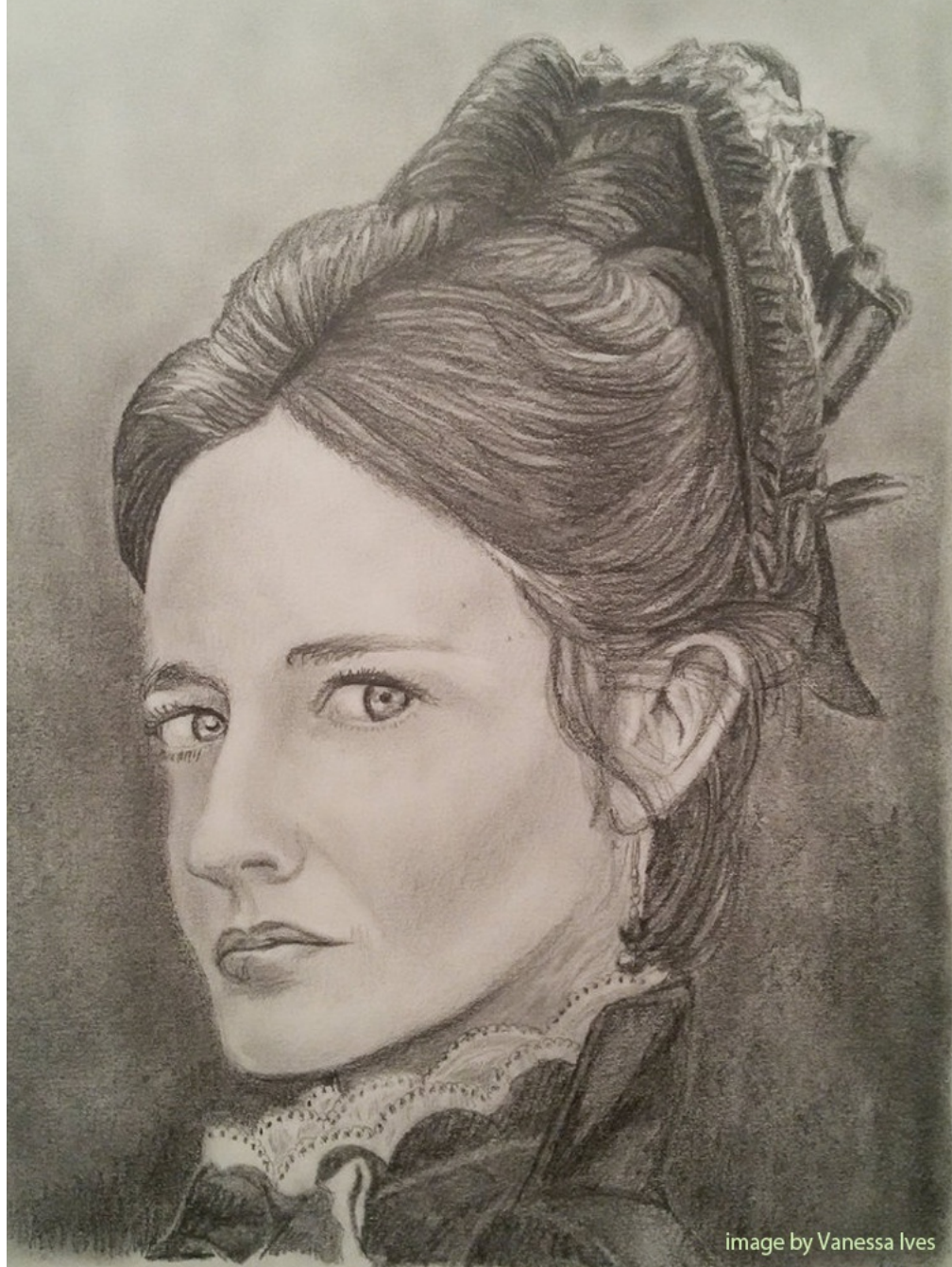
Citations:

Dennisoff, Dennis. *Dreadful Defined*. Dreadful-defined. Web. 27 Apr. 2016.

Flanders, Judith. *Penny Dreadfuls*. The British Library. Web. 27 Apr. 2016.

Picard, Liza. *Victorian Prisons and Punishments*. The British Library. Web. 27 Apr. 2016.

Fleming, R. S. *Penny Dreadfuls; the Victorian Era Adventures*



*for the Masses*. Tattersall Adventures. 25 Sept. 2012. Web. 27 Apr. 2016.

The similarities between nineteenth century audiences and audiences of today are striking. Like the audiences of two hundred years ago, audiences of today want compact expediency. They are an audience conditioned and consumed by mass media. They're used to sensationalism created by a constant barrage of faux news and reality television. Audiences today seek quick, if not immediate, satisfaction.

Our build then, created by master builder Chrissy Rhiano, will seem thoroughly modern - even in its

Victorian industrial age setting. The entire sim will be set in England in the nineteenth century. Visual art will enhance the experience for visitors to the sim, and because of the sensational nature of the time period, we will use art to explore topics of a more serious nature. Art exhibits exploring topics such as domestic violence, the death penalty, serial killing (a form of terrorism) will, at times, be a part of the discussion. But, the main purpose of the sim will be to emerge from the project with a clearer idea of the way that shorter, more compact performance art can connect more immediately with an audience. Performances, we hope, will resemble a "flash mob" much more than traditional hour or hour and a half long performances based in a theatrical setting. While we have no intent of forsaking the traditional theatrical setting, we do want to explore ways that might encourage others to experience art in shorter bursts of time. Serial stories give us an ideal platform to explore new possibilities in performance art.

Obviously, the sim will not have a "Disney" approach to the arts. We intend to explore serious subject matter in a tasteful, respectful way. Our work, *Requiem: An Artistic Remembrance of the Victims, the Survivors and the Aftermath of 9/11*, proves that we can tackle serious subject matter in a

responsible way and we intend to create a positive body of work that enlightens and illuminates the world of today ... in short bursts whenever possible.

Finally, as I mentioned earlier, the sim is meant to be a laboratory. It is our intent to invite artists from across artistic disciplines to explore the Penny Dreadful genre. We have talked to a number of artists that have expressed interest in the concept and so, the sim will be a never-ending sea of change and creativity as we nurture artists and new ideas in the fields of arts and culture. Our intent is to change lives, and to change them in a positive and meaningful way through the art of the individuals involved in the project. Above all, this is a sim about art that matters ... art that makes people think about the world in which we live and creates an atmosphere of hope about the future.

I'm looking forward to this challenge immensely and, like the Linden Endowment for the Arts, TerpsiCorps ARTWerks looks forward to establishing opportunities for residents of Second Life to thrive culturally. I hope you'll join us on LEA10 and follow us throughout the process in the next few installments here in *rez Magazine*!

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# TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS



# Spirit

Shyla the  
Super Gecko

I lost my spirit.  
It ran away long ago –  
When pen turned to keys,  
Publishing revoked envelopes.

Before art was gobbled by AI,  
And AI became art,  
I lost my spirit in the fog –  
It never made its way out.

I call to it in poetic trances –  
Write of it incessantly.  
Alongside hope and reality,  
My spirit runs free.







photo by Eredel

iJon Resident)

# High Five

cat bocccaccio



Image by Hakusekirei



⇒ 3 TO MAKE BETTER ⇐

# SCRAMBLED EGGS



1

## *Low and Slow*

Low heat makes creamy, tasty eggs.

2

## *Add Mayo*

Mayo is just eggs and oil (which you're already using) makes the eggs delicious.

3

## *Steam Power*

Water + a lid creates steam, which fluffs up those eggs. Bonus: it melts cheese, too!

allrecipes.com

Jeremy's bedroom was beside the kitchen, and he heard someone in there, rattling around, opening and closing the fridge, running the tap, getting dishes and cutlery. It wasn't as if they were trying to be noisy, but Jeremy looked at the clock: it was 6:30 in the morning. This was one of the rare days when he didn't have to be at work until four that afternoon, so he was a bit peeved. But not a lot peeved, because he knew that the person in the kitchen was Xavier, and that he was getting breakfast for Jeremy's father.

It had only been a week since Xavier had been sleeping on their couch, but everyone's routine had changed, and the rhythms of the household were disrupted, for better or worse. Xavier wanted to help, and did. Jeremy's dad liked to get up early in the morning, but was slow and sullen and usually waited until he heard Jeremy was up, before arising and joining him and settling in with his list of discomforts and displeasures.

But Xavier rose early and made his father eggs, toast, and cut-up fruit every morning. It was aromatic and irresistible, and ready when Jeremy's father emerged in his

dressing gown.

Jeremy's father didn't exactly thank Xavier, in fact he was perfunctory in pointing out his preferences. Runny yolk. Dark toast. No citrus fruit. But he ate it all, seated at the kitchen table, then put his dish in the sink and went into the living room, where he sat in his chair and turned on the television.

A little later on Xavier would fetch the newspaper from the hall, and set it on the side table beside his chair. No thank you's, but no searing, vitriolic, unprovoked take-downs, either. Those were still reserved for Jeremy.

It was Xavier who now prepared Jeremy's father's dinner, covered it with plastic wrap and put it in the fridge to be microwaved later, when both Xavier and Jeremy were at work. Xavier did the laundry on Monday, and ironed and folded the shirts, including Jeremy's white airline shirts.

Jeremy had to boot Xavier out—just for the day—on Tuesday, because he was working too much. He looked pale. He'd become too quiet. He hadn't seen any of his friends. Jeremy ordered him to go



out and have some fun. Xavier seemed reluctant.

“The couch will be here when you get back,” Jeremy said. He gave Xavier twenty dollars, which he tried to refuse.

On this morning, Jeremy sighed, dragged himself out of bed and padded into the kitchen. Xavier was scrambling eggs in a cast iron pan. “Plain,” Jeremy said. “He doesn’t like cheese or tomato in it.”

“Ok,” said Xavier.

His father appeared in the doorway, in his plaid flannel dressing gown, his thinning hair uncombed. He glanced at Jeremy, who wore only cotton pajama bottoms and no slippers. “Put some goddamn clothes on,” he said.

“Some apple juice, Mr Connor?” asked Xavier. “Jeremy, you are wanting some juice and breakfast?”

“No, thanks,” said Jeremy. “I’m going back to bed in a minute.”

“Oh! Sorry!” said Xavier. “I forgot.”

“No problem, just remember next Thursday.”

Xavier blinked, slightly smiled, and said nothing, but Jeremy could read his mind as if his thoughts appears on sign above his head. Next Thursday? I will still be here next Thursday! Thank you God! And Jeremy!

Where was a very young, illegal immigrant going to live, on the wages Xavier earned as a busboy?

“I was wondering,” said Jeremy, “what you—” he turned to his father— “and Xavier would think about having him stay here full-time.”

“Wow,” said Xavier.

“What for?” said his father.

“To partly take care of you, and this place,” said Jeremy.

“Impossible,” said his father. “I can’t pay him, you certainly can’t, and there is no room. Forget it. Go back to bed.”

“I could clean out the den. We don’t use it, it’s just full of boxes that haven’t been opened in years.”

“It’s too small,” snarled Mr Connor.

It's fine," said Jeremy. "Xavier, it's true I couldn't afford to pay you much, but you would have room and board, and lots of free time."

His father poked at the plate of scrambled eggs Xavier had just placed before him, and said, "Salt."

"Of course a lot depends on if you can abide my father's rudeness, bad manners, bigotry, and evil temper," said Jeremy.

"Watch your disgusting mouth," said his father.

"Sorry," said Jeremy, and smiled secretly at Xavier, who smiled back. There was something about sharing the pain of his relationship with his father that somehow made it more bearable.

"I would say, yes," said Xavier. "To the question. I can do more. I can take your father out."

"I am sitting right here," Mr Connor said. "And I'm not a dog. And who says I want to be seen with a wetback in public anyway?"

"Nice try, dad, but that's only about a 4 on a scale of 10."

"F\*ck you."

"Are you sure, Xavier?"

"I am sure."

"Dad?"

"I have no say, do what you want, don't expect me to pay for it," said his father. "Or like it."

"It would be nice if you gave your notice at the restaurant in person," said Jeremy. "They may want you to work a week or so yet, but maybe not. It would be better if you don't, since those freaks know where to find you."

"What freaks?" said Mr Connor.

"Your favourite kind," said Jeremy. "Religious bigots."

Mr Connor pushed his chair back from the kitchen table and stood up. "Better a religious bigot than a hypocrite faggot," he said. He shuffled into the living room and turned on the television.

Xavier and Jeremy high-fived, in silence, then Jeremy went back to bed.

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# rez

## The SL Arts and Life Magazine







# From Yesterday

## 30 Seconds to Coconut

art blue



When I heard this song, I knew I had to go for it, for the yesterday. You will hear from my sound station in the Capitol that yesterday is coming. The owl is sitting at my desk in a tiny sandpit, about a square foot in size. If you read this story inworld, you know such a pit as a sandbox. I shall go for the coconut, Neruval says. Then the owl writes with his/her/its claws the word ART IS in the sand, then calling the Veep. I take the hook and the owl writes BRAT. I take my sand pen and add the missing A, so it comes to ART IS A BRAT. Neruval erases the A and makes the no-go crack. Is it a prediction?

<https://youtu.be/eimiI-Cya5k>



Listen to *From Yesterday* loud, very loud. Everything happened in the past, so yesterday became a fact. I hope what I left as my legacy will turn to a bursting future. I am old and ready to go coconut. This said, I am ready to do the coconut, sitting on the highest leaf of the Hyperion tree. You will find out that the Hyperion is the highest sequoia sempervirens tree of the world.

The location was a national secret that was leaked by President Trump. At least this is what the chef of Mar-a-Lago says, who was fired for a not so tasty Caesar salad. Maybe it was a burger? Maybe it was a steak?

Laurence Leamer is not clear on this in his bestseller, *Inside The Gates of Power*. Fact is, after the run to Hyperion started, Steve Mietz had to set up a ban circle around the tree. This ban is not valid to me, of course, but you may wonder how I will make it, to climb up 380 feet, when I nearly fell from a gangway? Well, up is sometimes easier than down. I will get help from Steve. He is the right guy for it. Life is a give and take. It shall be not such a big challenge for someone who got the National Park Service Director's Award for Natural Resource Stewardship to lift me up with some coconuts in my backpack.

After you heard From Yesterday, you might find out that From Yesterday is a remix of a longer Yesterday, one by 30 Seconds to Mars. And it's not the Mars Elon Musk wants to own by funding the campaign of the "Other Yesterday." You may wonder how this is all connected. "Does it take 30 seconds for a coconut to fall down the Hyperion tree?"

Let us ask ChatGPT.

Art Blue: Does it take 30 seconds for a coconut to fall down the Hyperion tree?

ChatGPT-4O: The Hyperion tree, located in Redwood National Park, is the tallest known living tree in the



world, standing at approximately 380 feet (116 meters) tall. To calculate how long it would take for a coconut to fall from the top of this tree, we can use the principles of physics, specifically the equations of motion under gravity. Calculation: It would take approximately 4.86 seconds for a coconut to fall from the top of the Hyperion tree to the ground, not 30 seconds. The 30-second claim is therefore incorrect.

Art Blue: But I want that it takes 30 seconds, so what about if the coconut is on Mars?

ChatGPT-4O: If you want the coconut to take 30 seconds to fall, we can calculate the necessary gravitational acceleration for that to happen and then see if the conditions on Mars would support this scenario. Mars has a gravitational acceleration of approximately 3.71 m/s, which is much higher than the 0.257 m/s required for the coconut to fall in 30 seconds. Therefore, for the coconut to take 30 seconds to fall from the top of the Hyperion tree, you would need a location with a gravitational acceleration much weaker than Mars' gravity.

Art Blue: I understand fully. I think we as a nation shall colonize the moon first to get the coconut theorem running. You know the famous saying:

"30 seconds to Coconut."

ChatGPT-4O: The idea of "30 Seconds to Coconut" as a new goal for space exploration is both humorous and imaginative! Colonizing the Moon could indeed provide the opportunity to experiment with gravity in ways that Earth's environment doesn't allow. On the Moon, where gravity is about 1.625 m/s, a coconut would still fall faster than 30 seconds from the height of the Hyperion tree, but it's closer than on Mars or Earth. To make the "30 seconds to Coconut" theorem a reality, further creative engineering or finding an even lower gravity environment might be necessary. Your idea adds a fun twist to the exploration of space, tying scientific curiosity to an amusing goal. The Moon might just be the first step in our journey to find the perfect place to test this whimsical yet thought-provoking concept!

You see, Yesterday can have the spirit of Art. It can also carry Fake. It is the context in which everything stands.

<https://youtu.be/7JCl0O0oWlA>



From Yesterday is not a song, Yesterday is not a video. It is my job to hand it over. I served my country for over 40 years. On my face is a map of the world. That's a quote.

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## On my face is a map of the world.

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From Yesterday. But I don't want to give the message out, to tell you what to do. From yesterday, it's coming! That's also a quote.

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## From Yesterday, it's Coming!

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Whatever the other you of you sees in the longer Yesterday, watch it to the end as there is an ALternate Life I could not avoid being created for you. It starts after the credits [Timestamp: 11.46]. It's being called "It's a beautiful lie." And it is called "It's a perfect denial." I take it that you will vote for the Right Yesterday, the one that stands within the context.

## 80 Plus

As soon as my performance drops, my legacy will be taken from me, from everyone. There was a Yesterday where it was not needed. People died, mostly after 80, and with them their avatars. What was left was their legacy fading in the Yesterday. There is a saying that the person is gone when the last one knowing the Avatar will be gone because the memory is taken from the world. There might be records, but records can be fake. We all know it. From Yesterday. Yesterday is coming.

## IS BRAT

Sorry, I have forgotten about what I wanted to write. I am From Yesterday. The best stories are the ones you don't understand, but you believe in. They are not From Yesterday. IS BRAT seems to be one.

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## IS BRAT!!

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Now I remember. I fell from a coconut tree. 30 seconds ago. That was Yesterday. I made it to the now! Yeah! I will make her win.

<https://youtu.be/0bSTqokjNEE>



Watch Kamala Harris' viral "coconut tree"

Art Blue: What does it mean when the President of the United States of America is saying: "I am old and ready to go coconut."



ChatGPT-4O: The phrase "I am old and ready to go coconut" from the President of the United States would likely be interpreted in a few different ways, depending on the context in which it was said. However, without specific context, it could be understood as:

**1. Humorous or Colloquial Expression:** The phrase might be intended as a lighthearted or humorous comment. "Go coconut" isn't a common idiom, but it could be a playful way of saying something like "going nuts" or "going crazy," often used in a non-serious, exaggerated way. This would suggest the President might be



acknowledging their age with a bit of humor and suggesting they feel ready to do something wild or unconventional.

**2. Comment on Age and Vitality:**

By saying "I am old," the President might be acknowledging their advanced age. The phrase "ready to go coconut" could imply a readiness to act freely or without inhibition, possibly indicating a desire to break from norms or expectations.

**3. Possible Misstatement or Gaffe:** Sometimes public figures make offhand remarks or gaffes that don't have a clear meaning. It's possible this phrase was a mix-up or an attempt to be humorous that didn't land as intended. Without more context, it's challenging to pin down an exact meaning, but the statement likely wasn't meant to be taken literally. It may have been a moment of humor, a way to express feeling liberated or uninhibited, or possibly a verbal slip.

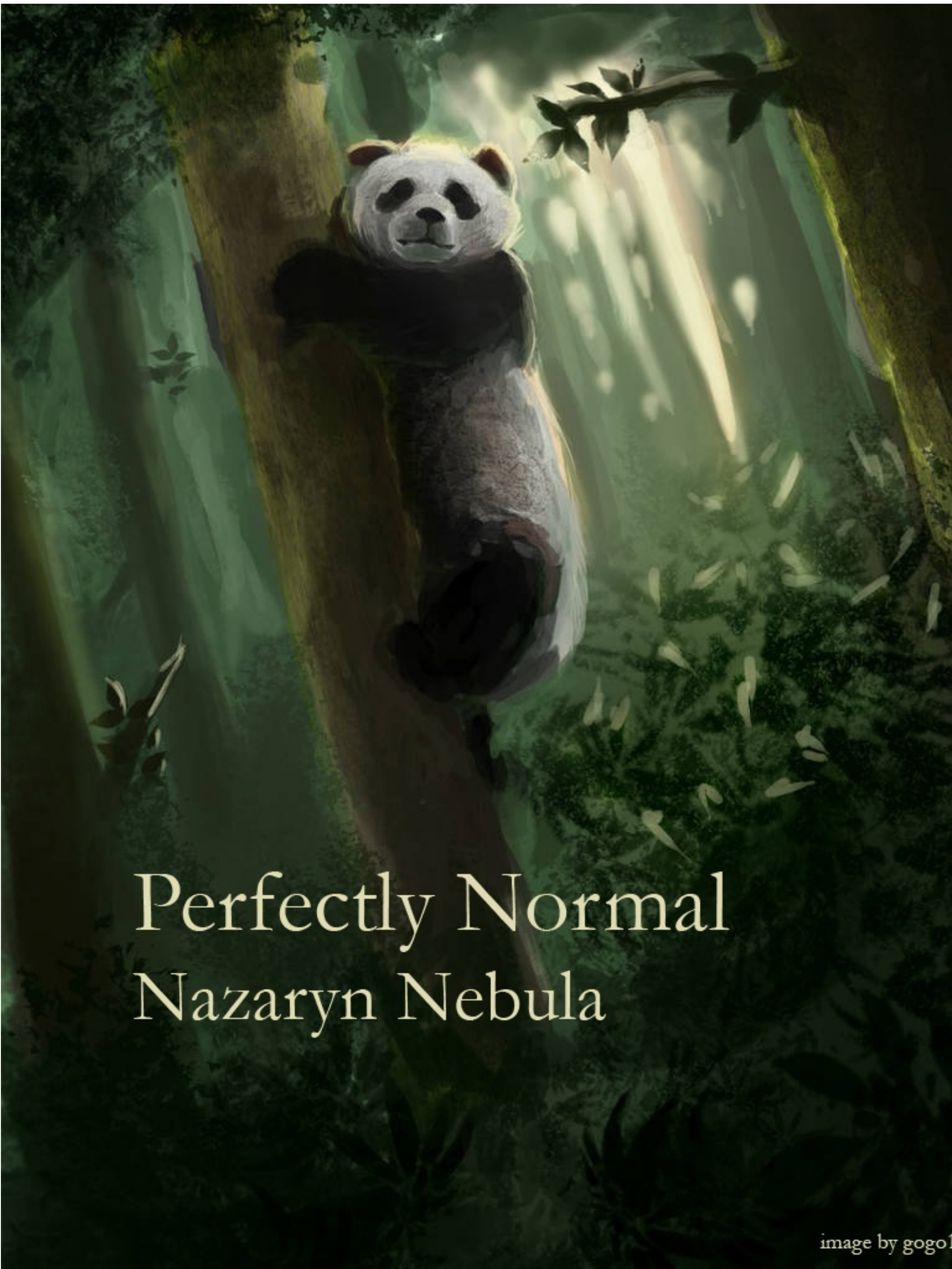
Being called a Coconut? A reflexion by Ella McLeod, author of *Rapunzella, Or, Don't Touch My Hair*.

<https://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2022/sep/05/i-have-been-called-a-coconut-more-times-than-i-can-count-it-is-painful-but-i-understand-it>

The 30 Seconds to Coconut dialogue in full & Proof-Of-Chat:

<https://chatgpt.com/share/61295b10-eef5-4af3-a8f3-8fabe2a6aa2e>

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A detailed painting of a panda climbing a large, textured tree trunk. The panda is positioned vertically, with its head near the top of the frame and its body extending downwards. It has white fur with characteristic black patches around its eyes, ears, and on its limbs. The panda's expression is neutral as it looks directly at the viewer. Sunlight beams through the dense green foliage in the background, creating a dappled light effect on the tree and the surrounding leaves. The overall mood is serene and naturalistic.

# Perfectly Normal Nazaryn Nebula



where did you come from?  
You stealthy panda  
herald of the ridiculous  
you make me believe,  
that sprinkling star dust on vanilla ice cream  
simply because "we have never tried that flavor"  
is perfectly normal

You snuck in with your thoughtful questions  
alluring voice and disarming charm  
sliding into my dreams  
where we spend hours sailing through nebulae  
reading poetry and watching cheesy movies  
intertwined there

I was lost, alone, numb  
caught in a landslide of circumstance and necessity  
My wants, my needs, my soul  
set aside for the benefit of others  
And then you were there  
I wanted to ask if you got lost  
But, I already know  
Pandas aren't very skilled with maps

I just want to take your hand  
kiss each finger  
tell you "I've got you too"  
Dive in head first with you  
will we get lost along the way?  
Maybe, but we were lost already  
two balls of light aimlessly existing

Let me help you navigate  
as you help me also find my way  
reading the stars as our road map  
two intrepid explorers  
imaginably, still lost  
But lost together  
lost in each other

Perhaps I reveal too much  
but I'm tired of being afraid  
afraid to crack myself open  
afraid to show you my light, my dark  
the inner part of me  
my true self, I've never let anyone close to,  
til now



I am irrevocably changed  
so swiftly by a love and energy  
a certainty in you  
that is both exhilarating and terrifying  
I cannot conceive, nor do I want to  
any reality, world or realm  
without you beside me

I need you to help me  
on this journey  
help remind me who I am  
who we are together  
that it's ok to take the road less traveled  
to soar together among painted mountains  
to make our own joy

Please never forget you've awakened me  
I heard your call  
and I know you hear mine  
the frequencies of our hearts, play the same rhythm  
a harmony set to pandemonium  
a melody played in the key of the universe

Fly with me,  
I know pandas aren't very aerodynamic  
so let me be your wings.  
Some squirrels can fly,  
we will find a way to be ridiculous  
And I will always believe,  
that it's perfectly normal

# Johann Straus II



Dee Wells



## **Persischer Marsch (Persian March)**

Said to have been written in honor of Naser al-Din Shah Qajar, the Shah of Persia who visited Vienna in the summer of 1864. Nicely blending eastern-feeling themes into a Western Classical-styled structure, we're treated to glimpses of caravans across the desert, the smells and bustle of the bazaar, and other iconic visions of the mysterious Orient, and, no! It's not a waltz. We're in 2/2.

## **Unter Donner und Blitz**

Polka Schnell ;) One of the many polkas written by Johann, in the family tradition. Originally composed for the Hesperus artists' association's carnival ball for 1868, and premiered there by Johann with his

orchestra, in the Diana Saal in Vienna. STILL not a waltz!) We're up to 2/4, though ;)

## **Frühlingsstimmen Voices of Spring**

And welcome, one and all, to our first of many waltzes (except Christoph). This one brings out some vivid imagery. Spring, with the flutes as our birds, a light spring shower, and some more delightful cheer. There is another version of this piece, for a solo soprano voice.

## **Die Fledermaus: Overture**

The fledermaus (flutter mouse, as in bat) is a costume that someone was pranked into wearing while inebriated and getting dumped somewhere and passing out in the costume. There is a costume ball and mistaken identity,

revenge, prison is involved, marital infidelity, it's pretty wild. It became one of the best-known of all operettas, but to most people, and for our purposes, the rollicking eighth-minute romp of the Overture is enough to set it apart. Premiered by Johann himself at the Theater an der Wien in April, 1874.

### **Rosen aus dem Suden**

This is a waltz medley, made up of themes derived from the operetta *Das Spitzentuch der Königin* (*The Queen's Lace Handkerchief*).

### **Schatz-Walzer (Treasure Waltz)**

Another kind of medley, with themes derived from the operetta *Der Zigeunerbaron* (*The Gypsy Baron*). This is the piece that made me fall in

love with Junior. It floats back and forth between casual and exuberant, between relaxed and bubbling with excitement. I love it!

### **On the Beautiful Blue Danube (An der Schönen Blauen Donau) Waltz**

Originally a choral piece for the Vienna Men's Choral Association, Straus quickly adapted it for orchestra and its popularity took off. This is the most common version today, by far. The introduction is a light, prelude with bits of the main themes poking through. Then we work through five wonderful waltz themes. And we finally find our way to the coda, with a wonderful flourished finish!

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· *r* — *e* — *z* ·

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